

INNS OF THE DESERT

Caravansaries for Pilgrims to Mecca.

HOSTLIES WITHOUT HOSTS

Shelters for Men and Camels Who Feed and Bed Themselves.

The accommodation provided for and expected by the Moslem traveller in the East must always be a source of wonderment to the Franklin mind. No palatial hotels invite the passage of the devout pilgrim journeying Meccaward. Imagine a massive, square building, having four wings, the walls of rough bricks still known by their ancient name, tabu, built about the four sides of a courtyard. Crowned with cupolas and possessing colonnades, and countless chambers within, the exterior is not without a rude architectural beauty. The arches of the colonnades are surrounded by mosaic decorations, though of a somewhat crude kind, and varnish paintings and rough sculptures adorn the upper parts of the intervening columns and are displayed above the gateway. Quotations from the Koran and other lettered devices also appear upon various parts of the walls.

In the adjacent grove of sycamores and acacias a numerous and picturesque company of "guests" sits making a repast upon the gifts of the Nile Valley—milk, rice, dates and other fruit. The twittering of birds in the branches sounds clearly in the desert stillness; occasionally there breaks in upon that sweeter music the harsh bellowing of an intractable camel, in a large forecast from fifty to sixty of these strange creatures are being prepared for the journey. Chopped straw being laid down for them, they amble up and couch around the food in a regular circle. Some, the more favored, have nooses gilded with beads attached to their heads. Having eaten their fill, they hasten to the long trough which extends along one wall of the building and drink with a loud sucking noise. Then commences a surprising disturbance, for each beast is driven between two bales, ready packed and lying upon the ground. With repeated bellowing and shrieking the camel lies down reluctantly and is bound by its skillful fella, or Bedouin driver, who placidly ignores the angry cries of the creature as it continually looks round to see what is being done. Finally all the camels are loaded and ready; every member of the assemblage is mounted, and with a loud crying of "Bismillah 'alik" (the Moslem Arabic substitute for "live up") the company sets out upon its desert journey. Such is the caravansary of Bir Amber at the hour of departure of a caravan for the shore of the Red Sea.

A HOSTILITY WITHOUT A HOST.

This desert hostility, in common with all Eastern khans, or wakalels, has no proprietor and is not in any sense a business enterprise. It was built by Ibrahim Pasha for the benefit of pilgrims to Mecca, who use this route. It is unburnished, the water being provided in a well in the courtyard. The lodgings are numerous small chambers on the second and top story, built over the colonnade, and the ground floor is entirely devoted to storerooms, which surround the courtyard. In winter these upper rooms are sometimes used as sleeping apartments, but during the summer months travellers avoid the neglected and partly ruined chambers on account of lizards, serpents and insect pests that have taken up their abodes therein. Hence the general custom of encamping in the adjacent steamer groves.

To the Arabians notions, the furniture sufficient for a night's lodging may be conveniently carried by the traveller, a carpet, a cushion and a rug. The apartments in the caravansary have no windows and only one door, which opens on a gallery running entirely around the building, much the same as we may see in old European inns. In some of the villages situated near to towns (they are generally erected just outside the walls) a sort of concierge sits before the main entrance, wherefrom all approaches may be viewed, and serves out coffee to guests or to any one who may care to partake. The visitor, of course, must enter for his own table, and when the Khan is near to a town or village he may either procure his meal from the very dirty cook in the market place, or if at chef's cuirierne be not to his liking, may prepare a meal for himself.

A fire must be improvised with stones or odd bricks in some sheltered corner of the courtyard or in the upper gallery. No one will object to the consequent smoke for many of the guests will be similarly situated.

TENACITY OF LIFE.

Not even the terrific temperature of the sun could kill the life that slumbered in the rusty ore. And life means consciousness, not always consciousness of the human type, although in certain cases.

This vodka is fine, isn't it?" And he drained his fifth glass.

Modern scientists should read very carefully books of old legends, writings on witchcraft and daily newspapers. My theories on life are the result of many years' investigations, but my researches might have led me into very different fields but for two insignificant facts.

"When I was twenty-five years old I went to spend the summer on a farm in Germany. One morning I was awakened by the noise of excited voices and hurrying steps. I thought of fire, put on some clothes and was just leaving my room when several men, preceded by a child carrying a lantern, brought in a lifeless body, terribly disfigured and mangled in the most horrible manner. It was the body of my host,

Johann Miller, an impulsive six-footer, with a long gray beard, left quite a hoard to his wife and three sons to divide up, but it was every one's opinion that his heart had earned every cent of it and more, for Johann Miller was a terrible taskmaster, a pitiless driver of men and beasts. Not but he spared himself or imposed on any one burdens which he himself shirked.

"Everything had a worn and tired look on the Miller farm. Every implement was used until no one could remember its original shape and size. Shovels and spades were never replaced until the blade had been worked off up to a couple of inches from the handle. That summer his threshing machine had given him a good deal of trouble, and when his feet had been crushed under the grate, he had left foot crushed when the grate got loose and fell down. He would not read the handwriting on the wall. Every one else seemed trouble ahead. Every neighbor told him when he was hoping about the village with his bandaged foot, "That there machine'll get you yet."

"I don't scared of it," he snapped back.

"No, he was not scared. On the day of the fatal accident, as I learned afterward, the motor had gone on a strike about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The old man had tinkered with it for two hours without any results, surrounded by the grinning harvesters, delighted over this unexpected chance to take a rest. At 6 o'clock he had gone home, famished, cross and swearing frightfully.

"During the night he beat himself of some mechanical detail which could probably account for the stoppage of his engine. He immediately arose, as was his custom whenever any such thought occurred to him, about 1 o'clock, snuffed his pipe and rode to the field where the fantastic old machine stood like a threatening boar in the moonlight. What a thumping and coughing of the engine, and faint in the peaceful hour of night for all the dogs in the near and distant farmyards howling dismally. Then a blood-curdling call rang over the fields, followed by absolute silence.

THE MILLER THRASHED.

The first farmers to reach old Miller's thrashing ground beheld a weird scene of destruction. The front axle of the engine was broken, and the engine had lurched forward like a wounded horse fallen to both knees, the cylinder had exploded, the flywheel was gone, and tangled in the wreath of the galls lay the body of old Miller, thrashed like a sheep of wheat and pinned to the wreckage by the weight of

the flywheel; the top of his skull had been blown off by a fragment of the exploded cylinder.

"A frightful accident? Well, that is what they called it. Was it? I for one refused to admit the simple, obvious explanation, which no one doubted. An accident? No, sir; the machine's revenge. And thanks to that weird experience my research work has ever since been constantly brought to bear on life and consciousness in the so-called inanimate things.

"Simpson, won't you have another glass of vodka? I tell you what an ignorant world it is full of life as we are and I. It thinks and feels as deeply as you and I. It may react in a slower way upon an outside stimulus, but what difference does it make?

"A Sicilian may knife his best friend upon a very slight provocation, whereas you may taunt an Indian yogi for a year before he even gives any sign of noticing you. Tease a cat and out comes a sharp claw. On the other hand, a driver may torture the elephant entrusted to his care for years and years. One day the huge beast will gather its tormentor in its cold trunk, choke him senseless and then coolly, methodically trample the life out of him.

"Metals are slower in taking decisions and in acting upon the decisions they take than even yogis or elephants; they are much slower, but you must not be deceived by their apparent apathy.

"Why, your daily papers bring you almost every morning conclusive evidence in favor of my theory. Take this morning's paper: 'Elevator boy crushed by an elevator.' An elevator boy was found early this morning with his head crushed between the floor of the elevator and the upper part of the iron door frame.' Now, you go and inquire from the janitor of that house. The chances are ninety-nine against one that he will tell you this: The boy handled the lift very carefully, in a slip and bang way, slamming doors, switching the power on and off with the brutal suddenness that throws every mechanical device out of gear and inflicts untold suffering on metallic cells. One night the machine had its reverse."

"What could seem more dead, for instance, than this bit of metal?" And he leaped up from the floor of his laboratory a rusty iron nail. "How much life would you think there was in this little bit of mineral?" And he pointed to a yellow crystal dangling at the end of a thin wire in a glass tube filled with a liquid solution.

"Both are alive. Both are sick just now. The mere fact that both can be cured and recover entirely from their sickness shows that there is life in them, doesn't it? Let us scrape the rust off of this nail and keep it at an even temperature of about 18 or 20 degrees centigrade, and the forces of decay will be checked.

"Watch this crystal. I broke off both ends with a hammer and I chipped off two of its angles. In a little while it will have grown a head and a tail; its angles will be as perfect as before I mutilated it. Now, can you tell me how much difference there is between the regeneration of a mud worm cut in halves by the gardener's spade and the regeneration of this crystal?"

"Because surgical instruments exposed to a high temperature become sterilized—that is, freed from every bacterial growth they may have carried—we accept the conclusion that heat destroys life. But if you force one steel tube into another steel tube, and after a year or so saw the double tube diametrically across, you will be unable to determine the line of cleavage between the two original components. The living cells of one tube will have grown together with the cells of the other tube equally endowed with life, even as animal or vegetable cells are expected to unite in tree grafting or hospital surgery.

A VINDICTIVE COFFERDAM.

"Here," he said, "what do you think of this?" Allentown, Penn. One of the most celebrated experts in the country was killed here for six months as master mechanic for the C. E. F. Company, which has the contract for constructing the big bridge over the Lehigh River at Lehigh Gap, several miles north of this city. The gap is about forty feet deep, and great trouble has been experienced in reaching a rock bottom foundation.

"To relieve the men at the lunch hour Mr. X took charge of the machinery which is clearing the cofferdam. When the gang returned X was missing, and there was

A HOSTILITY WITHOUT A HOST.

This desert hostility, in common with all Eastern khans, or wakalels, has no proprietor and is not in any sense a business enterprise. It was built by Ibrahim Pasha for the benefit of pilgrims to Mecca, who use this route. It is unburnished, the water being provided in a well in the courtyard. The lodgings are numerous small chambers on the second and top story, built over the colonnade, and the ground floor is entirely devoted to storerooms, which surround the courtyard. In winter these upper rooms are sometimes used as sleeping apartments, but during the summer months travellers avoid the neglected and partly ruined chambers on account of lizards, serpents and insect pests that have taken up their abodes therein. Hence the general custom of encamping in the adjacent steamer groves.

A FAITHFUL MACHINE.

The faithful old machine had through years of continuous service earned its right to rest. It had thrashed the wheat, oats and barley grown not only on Miller's farm, but on fifteen neighboring farms. Six days ago it was kept at its monotonous work, and on Sundays Miller connected the motor with a pump and filled the irrigation ditches. Many a time it had shown what in a horse or a mule would be designated as temper. It had once slapped the old man in the jaw with its sharpened belting so hard that for a week afterward he had to live on a diet of soup and milk.

"One Sunday afternoon as he was weighting the safety valve a steam tube sprang a leak, and he withdrew hastily, his hand badly scalded and blistered. He took no heed of these warnings. He once lost a finger, then he had his left foot crushed when the grate got loose and fell down. He would not read the handwriting on the wall. Every one else seemed trouble ahead. Every neighbor told him when he was hoping about the village with his bandaged foot, "That there machine'll get you yet."

"I don't scared of it," he snapped back.

"No, he was not scared. On the day of the fatal accident, as I learned afterward, the motor had gone on a strike about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The old man had tinkered with it for two hours without any results, surrounded by the grinning harvesters, delighted over this unexpected chance to take a rest. At 6 o'clock he had gone home, famished, cross and swearing frightfully.

"During the night he beat himself of some mechanical detail which could probably account for the stoppage of his engine. He immediately arose, as was his custom whenever any such thought occurred to him, about 1 o'clock, snuffed his pipe and rode to the field where the fantastic old machine stood like a threatening boar in the moonlight. What a thumping and coughing of the engine, and faint in the peaceful hour of night for all the dogs in the near and distant farmyards howling dismally. Then a blood-curdling call rang over the fields, followed by absolute silence.

AN EXPERT ON FALLING.

"People who know nothing about it think that falling from a motorcycle going at high speed is sure death," remarked Joe Wadsworth, the famous racer who was recently killed from his machine while it was racing at the rate of 90 miles an hour, and was with a few scratches. "As a matter of fact it is safer to fall from a machine at 60 miles an hour than it is to fall from a truck at 30 miles an hour, enough to throw the rider free of his machine as he slides along the track and escapes with a few scratches, or possibly some broken bones. The motorcycle is the most dangerous vehicle to ride, because it easily leaves the danger. If the rider falls at the bottom of the track he runs a small danger of being injured, but if he falls on the ground he is safe. The tracks of the motor are not safe to run on. The few riders that have been killed were either caught under the machine or were heading straight for the track. In my fall at Los Angeles the law of gravitation brought me into play by the third of a mile circumference of the track kept me off the ground until the momentum had stopped, and there was practically no danger. The track I made on the track will bear out my statement. The first fall I made was 50 feet in length almost immediately in front of the paddock, 20 feet from where I started to fall. The mark shows the comparative short distance the machine had to travel before it came to a standstill. The only damage I sustained was a bent pedal and some minor scratches."—Philadelphia Record.

DEATH IS ELIMINATED.

Flask of Vodka Puts the Grim Reaper to Flight.

AND LIFE IS EVERYWHERE.

Inanimate Things May Rise at Last and Smite Human Beings Who Oppress Them.

DEATH IS ELIMINATED

Caravansaries for Pilgrims to Mecca.

HOSTLIES WITHOUT HOSTS

Shelters for Men and Camels Who Feed and Bed Themselves.

SHELTERS FOR MEN AND CAMELS WHO FEED AND BED THEMSELVES.

SHELF AND LAMPS

COUNTRY PRODUCE MARKETS.

CHICAGO GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

RAILROAD EARNINGS.

SEED PRICES.

SEED PRICES.